

Lloyd Banks, On Fire

[Talking]

New York City

You are now rocking with the best

Lloyd Banks

G-Unit

[Chorus]

We on fire

Up in here, it's burning hot

We on fire

Shorty take it off if it get to hot, up in this spot

We on fire

Tear the roof off this motherfucker, light the roof on fire

Nigga what you say

We get loose in this motherfucker, light the roof on fire fire fire

[Verse 1]

Now I aint putting nothing out, I smoke when I wanna

26-inch chrome spokes on the Hummer

This heat gon last for the whole summer

Running your bitch faster then the Road Runner

Rocks on my wrist, rolls gold under

Glocks on my hip, those throw thunder

Im buying diamond by the pier

But when you stop, the only thing still spinning is your ear

Yeah, im riding with that all black snub

Raiders cap back, all black gloves

Im 80s man, but the boy smack thugs

These record sales equal more back rubs

Not to mention I bought a pack of clubs

His impacts about as raw as crack was

Now all these new artists getting raw deals

Im only 21, sitting on mills

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

If you know anything about me, then you know im a baller

If I aint hit the first night, I aint gon call her

Im trying to play, you trying to have my daughter

But I can't blame her for what her momma taught her

And I don't care bout what the next nigga bought her

Cause I aint putting no baguettes in her butter

I got a diamond about as clear as water

And I got bread, but I aint spend quarters

So cut the games ma, lets go in the back

Matter fact, turn your ass round, back a nigga down

And I aint bias when im riding through the town

Like em small, like em tall, like em black, like em brown

She gotta be able to cum when I need her

Tight ass pants, little wife beater

Regular chick or R&B diva

Bitch say something, I aint a mind reader

[Chorus]

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